

9
M A R I N A:

A
PLAY

OF

THREE ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

CONVENT-GARDEN.

Taken from

PERICLES PRINCE of TYRE.

By Mr. LILLO.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN GRAY, at the Cross-Keys in the
Poultry, near Cheap-side. M.DCC.XXXVIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

M N P I W A

P L A Y

THE ACTS

THEATRE ROYAL



COMMISSIONED

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PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE

By Mr. J. L. L. L.

LONDON:

Printed for John Gray, in the City of London, in the
Temple near Chancery. MDCCLXXV.

[Price One Shilling]

T O T H E
 R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E t h e
Countess of Hertford.

M A D A M,

PErmit me to hope that you will pardon the honest ambition which has encourag'd me to seek a proper Patroness for *Marina* in your Ladyship; whose real character gives countenance to the imaginary one, and whose constant practice is a living example of that steady virtue, and exalted piety, which the Author of the old Play from whence this is taken, has happily described in his *Princess of Tyre*.

Conscious of no mean views, and secur'd by the universal acknowledg-

iv DEDICATION.

ment of your merit from the imputation of flattery, I approach your Ladyship, though a stranger, and without any previous application, with the less diffidence : If this Play should appear on perusal to be designed to promote something better than meer amusement, that will effectually recommend it to the favour of the Countess of *Hertford*.

To place merit in the gifts of fortune, and happiness in what an hour may, and a few years certainly will bring to an end, is the folly and misery of too many who are reputed wise and great. To be truly so is with your Ladyship to regard the finest understanding, the most fruitful invention, the happiest elocution, talents far superior to wealth and dignity, but as they subserve the interest of truth and virtue, and render the possessors of them, in the midst of affluence, moderate even in the use of lawful pleasures, humble in the
most

DEDICATION. V

most exalted stations, and capable of living above the world, even in the possession of all it can bestow. I am afraid and unwilling to offend. But as universal benevolence is the perfection of virtue, your Ladyship must suffer your own to be spoken of, however painful it may be to you, that others may not want a pattern for their encouragement or reprehension, as they shall improve or neglect it. A truly great mind discovers it self by nothing more than by a benign and well plac'd condescension; of which your Ladyship's known esteem for the late excellent Mrs. *Rowe*, is a noble instance, and an undoubted proof, amongst many others which you daily give, of the goodness of your heart and understanding, and cannot be mentioned but to your honour.

I can affirm, and I hope I shall be thought sincere, that what I have said doth not proceed from custom as a

Dedi-

vi DEDICATION.

Dedicator, but from a mind fully convinc'd of its truth in every circumstance, and a heart touch'd with a character so very amiable.

That you may long live an ornament and a support of those excellent principles which you profess and practice, and that your influence and example may do all the good that you your self can wish, is the earnest desire of,

Your LADYSHIP's

Most obedient

Humble Servant,

GEO. LILLO:

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

HARD is the task, in this discerning age,
 To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
 And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
 Where Avon's Swan has long been heard to sing:
 Blest Parent of our Scene! whose matchless wit,
 Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
 Well may that genius every heart command,
 Who drew all nature with her own strong hand;
 As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
 With the same vigour and immortal beat,
 As through each element and form she shines:
 We view Heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespear's lines.
 Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
 Have long usurp'd the honour of his Name;
 To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
 Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
 We dare not charge the whole unequal play
 Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
 As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
 So do his bright inimitable lines
 Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
 And show he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,
 We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.
 Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;
 Pericles finding her with his lost Queen,
 Concludes the pleasing task. Shou'd as the soul,
 The fire of Shakespear animate the whole,
 Shou'd heights which none but he cou'd reach, appear,
 To little errors do not prove severe.
 If, when in pain for the event, surprize
 And sympathetick joy shou'd fill your eyes;
 Do not repine that so you crown an art,
 Which gives such sweet emotions to the heart:
 Whose pleasures, so exalted in their kind,
 Do, as they charm the sense, improve the mind.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PERICLES, *King of Tyre.* — Mr. Stephens.
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of* }
 Ephesus. — — — } Mr. Hallam.
 ESCANES, *Chief Attendant* }
 on Pericles. — — — } Mr. Shelton.
 LEONINE, *A young Lord of* }
 Tharsus. — — — } Mr. Stevens.
 VALDES, *Captain of a Crew* }
 of Pirates. — — — } Mr. Bowman.
 BOLT, *A Pander.* — — Mr. Penketbman.

W O M E N.

THAISA, *Queen of Tyre.* — Mrs. Marshall.
 PHILOTEN, *Queen of Tharsus.* Mrs. Hamilton.
 MARINA, *Daughter to Peri-* }
 cles and Thaisa. — — } Mrs. Vincent.
 MOTHER COUPLER, *A Bawd.* Mr. W. Hallam.

*Gentlemen, Two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers, Guards,
 Pirates, and Attendants.*

MARINA.

M A R I N A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A Grove, with a Prospect of a calm Sea, near
the City of Tharsus.*

Enter Philoten and Leonine.

QUEEN.

THY oath remember, thou hast sworn to
do it,

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.

Kind Nature hath been bounteous to thy youth:

Thy graceful person, language and address,

Are almost peerless, and thy steril fortune

Our favour shall improve. But let not conscience,

Which none who hope to rise in courts regard,

Disarm your hand, nor her bewitching eyes

Inflame your amorous bosom.

Leon. I have promis'd,

And will perform. Yet she's a goodly creature.

Q. The fitter for the Gods. I, while she lives,
Am not a Queen. This poor, this friendless daughter
Of *Pericles*, the wretched Prince of *Tyre*,

Whom my fond Parents from compassion foster'd,

Is more belov'd, more reverenc'd in *Tharsus*

Than I their Sov'reign. And when foreign Princes,

Drawn by the fame of my high rank and beauty,

As suitors, throng my court; let her appear

B

(Such

(Such is the force of her detested charms).

And I am streight neglected ; and their vows

And adorations all transferr'd to her.

Here she comes, weeping for my mother's death :

She had good cause to love her. Let not pity,

Which women have cast off, defeat your purpose :

There's nothing thou can'st do, live e'er so long,

Shall yield thee so much profit.

Leon. I'm determin'd.

Enter Marina with a wreath of flowers.

Mar. No : I will rob gay *Tellus* of her weed,

To strew thy grave with flowers. The yellows, blues,

The purple violets and marygolds

Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy tomb,

While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid !

Born in a tempest when my mother dy'd,

And now I mourn a second mother's loss.

This world, to me, is like a lasting storm,

That swallows, piece by piece, the merchant's wealth,

And in the end himself.

2. Why, sweet *Marina*,

Will you consume your youth in fruitless grief,

And choose to dwell 'midst tombs and dreary graves ?

You harm your self, and profit not the dead.

Give me that wreath, who have most cause to mourn,

And let your heart take comfort. I will leave you

To the sweet conversation of this Lord,

Who has the art of dissipating sadness.

Mar. Pray, let me not bereave you of his service :

I choose to be alone.

2. You know I love you

With more than foreign heart, and will not see

The

The beauty marr'd that fame reports so perfect.
Shou'd your good father come at length to seek you,
And find his hopes, and all report so blasted,
He may repent the breadth of his great voyage,
And blame our want of care.

Mar. You may command,
But I have no desire to tarry here.

Q. Once more be chearful, and preserve that form
That wins from all competitors the hearts
Of young and old. 'Tis no new thing for me
To walk alone, while you are well attended.

Mar. I hope you're not offended.

Q. Nothing less.

Farewell, sweet Lady. Sir, you will remember—

Leon. Fear not, she ne'er shall vex your quiet
more. (*Exit Queen.*)

Mar. I know no cause, yet think the gentle Queen
Went hence in some displeasure. Is she well?
What are your thoughts?

Leon. That she's nor well, nor gentle.

Mar. I'm sorry for't. Is the wind westerly?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. The wind was north you say. I should
not hear her,

Lest I relent. The Queen's enamour'd of me,
She prais'd my blooming youth, and good proportion;
And shall I lose a crown for foolish pity?

Mar. My Father, as *Lychorida* hath told me,
(My Nurse that's dead) did never fear; but then,
Galling his kingly hands with haling ropes,
And chearing the faint Sailors with his voice,

Endur'd a sea, that almost burst the deck;

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. I said when I was born.

Never were waves nor winds more violent.

This tempest, and my birth, kill'd my poor Mother,

I was preserv'd, and left an Infant here.

Now do you think I e'er shall see my Father?

Leon. Never. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What do you mean?

Leon. If you require a little space for pray'r,

That I'll allow you; pray, but be not tedious:

The Gods are quick of ear, and I'm in haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me, Sir?

Leon. T' obey the Queen.

Mar. Why will she have me kill'd? I never

wrong'd her.

In all my life I never spake bad word,

Nor did ill turn to any living creature:

By chance I once trod on a simple worm,

But I wept for it. How have I offended?

Leon. I'm not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks bespeak

A very gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;

Good foot, it shew'd well in you: Do so now:

If the Queen seeks my life, come you between,

And save poor me the weaker.

Leon. I have sworn,

And will dispatch.

Mar. Yet hear me speak once more. (*Kneeling.*

O do not kill me, though I know no cause

Why I should wish to live who ne'er knew joy,
Or fear to die who ever fear'd the Gods;
But 'tis, perhaps, the property of youth
To doat on its new being, and depend,
Howe'er deprest, on pleasures in reversion.
You are but young your self: then, as you hope
To prove the fancy'd bliss of years to come,
Spare me, O spare me now.

Leon. You plead in vain,
Commit your soul to heaven.

Mar. Can you speak thus!
O can you have compassion for my soul;
Yet, at the instant, by a cruel deed,
That Heaven and Earth must hate, destroy your
own?

Enter Pirate, and interposes.

1 Pir. Hold villain. Fear not, fair one, I'll defend thee.

Leon. Slave, how doth her defence belong to you?
Who, and what are you?

1 Pir. A man, fool. *Alexander* the Great was
no more. You are a poltron, a coward, and
a rascal, to draw cold iron on a woman.

Leon. I want not courage, base intruding villain,
To scourge thy insolence. *(fight.)*

Mar. You gracious Gods!
Must I behold, and be the cause of murder?

Enter second, and then third Pirate.

2 Pir. A prize! A prize!

3 Pir. Half part, Mate, half part.

1 Pir. What, are they quarrelling about my booty!
Hold, Sir.

Leon.

Leon. With all my heart.
If you increase so fast, 'tis time to fly.
I know them now for Pirates. (*Exit Leonine.*)

1 *Pir.* Hands off. I found her first.

2 *Pir.* That's no claim amongst us.

3 *Pir.* No, none at all. Every man is to have his share of all the prizes we take.

1 *Pir.* Nay, if you come to that, she belongs to the whole ship's company.

2 *Pir.* Who denies that? But I will not quit my part in her to the Captain himself: sink me if I do.

3 *Pir.* Nor I, by *Neptune*.

1 *Pir.* This is no place to dispute in. We shall have the city rise upon us: therefore we must have her aboard suddenly.

Omnes. Ay; bear a hand, bear a hand.

1 *Pir.* Come, sweet Lady.

2 *Pir.* None shall hurt you.

3 *Pir.* We'll lose our lives before we'll see you wrong'd.

Mar. You sacred powers! who rule the rudest hearts,
Protect me whilst among these lawless Men
From loath'd pollution, violence and shame;
And bold blasphemers, who shall hear the wonder,
Shall own you are, and just.

1 *Pir.* A rare prize, if a man cou'd have her to himself. A pox of all ill fortune, say I. (*Exeunt.*)

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These Pirates serve the daring ruffian *Valdes*,
A desperate crew they are. There is no fear
Marina will return. They'll, doubtless, have
Their pleasure of her first; and then, perhaps,

Accord-

According to a custom long us'd by 'em,
 Sell her where she will ne'er be heard of more:
 Then I may take the merit of her death,
 And claim the whole reward. It shall be so.
 I'll swear to the fond Queen, I have dispatch'd
 And thrown her in the sea.— A rare device! —
 These rogues have sav'd me from a hellish deed,
 And a fair wind attend them. (*Exit Leonine.*)

SCENE II. *A House in Ephesus.*

Enter Bawd and Bolt.

Bawd. Sad times, *Bolt.*

Bolt. Ay, very sad times, Mistress.

Bawd. This new order, so much talk'd of, for
 suppressing publick lewdness, will be the ruin of us.
 All our business will fall into private hands. I must
 shut up my doors, I must quit my house, unless we
 can find some way to evade it.

Bolt. Whip Bawds and Panders! fine doings!
 rare Magistrates! Let 'em whip their own lubberly
 Sons and dough-bak'd Daughters for their idleness,
 and not punish people for their industry and service
 to the publick.

Bawd. Nay, nay, if they will turn iniquity out
 of the high-ways, they must expect to find it in their
 families. Let them keep their Wives and Daughters
 honest if they can. The necessities of Gentlemen
 must be supply'd.

Bolt. There are abundance of foreign Merchants
 and Travellers here in *Ephesus*, that us'd to be our
 customers.

Bawd. And old Batchelors.

Bolt.

Bolt. And younger Brothers.

Bawd. And disconsolate Widowers.

Bolt. And Husbands that have old Wives.

Bawd. And Philosophers, Lawyers, and Soldiers that have none at all; and all these must be serv'd.

Bolt. And will, while Women are to be had for money, love, or importunity.

Bawd. Ay, let the Citizens, who spirited up this prosecution against our useful vocation, think of the consequence, and tremble.

Bolt. Yet, after all, these threats may come to nothing. You have weather'd many such a storm, Mother Coupler.

Bawd. Ay, *Bolt*, I have had my ups and my downs—no Woman more—But I will not be discourag'd, I will not neglect business for a rumour neither. The mart will fill the town, and we are but meanly furnish'd.

Bolt. Never worse. Three poor wenches are all our store, and they can do no more than they can.

Bawd. Thou say'st true. And those so stale, so sunk, and so diseas'd, that a strong wind would blow 'em all to pieces. I must have others, whatever they cost me.

Bolt. Shall I search the slave market?

Bawd. Those we buy there, are mostly half worn out before we have them. There was the little *Transilvanian* you bought last, did not live above three months, and never brought in half the money she cost.

Bolt. Ay, she was quickly made meat for worms. But there are losses 'in all trades, and ours not being honest ———

Bawd.

Bawd. Marry come up ; I pray, what trades are honest, as they are us'd ? We are no worse than others.

Enter Valdes, and other Pirates, with Marina.

Vald. Where's Mother Coupler ? Where are you, Bawd ?

Bawd. Why, how now, Roister ? How now, Captain Thief ? Use your Tarpaulin language to thy own natural Mother ; do, Brawn and Bristle, do, Ironface.

Vald. Let any one be judge, whether my chin, somewhat black and rough I must confess, or thine, that's cover'd with grey down, like a goose's rump, be the more comely. Thy face is a *memento mori* for thy own sex, and to ours an antidote against the sin you live by. But, see what we have brought you : Here's a Paragon.

Bolt. (aside the Bawd.) Mark the colour of her hair, complexion, shape and age.

Bawd. I have noted them all. When Nature form'd this piece, she meant me a good turn.

Vald. Here's that will repair your decay'd arras, and set you up for a Bawd of condition.

Bawd. I was just saying, what stale, worn out creatures are daily brought to market ; and those who buy of Pirates, must expect as bad, or worse : And then I have choice enough, and those not blown on.

Vald. Nay, nay, use your pleasure : You have the first proffer of her. If she's not for your turn, there's no harm done : She's any one's money.

Bawd. You don't consider the dulness of the times. If men were as they have been ———

Vald. A virgin too.

Bawd. A likely matter, coming from the hands of such a lawless crew!

Vald. You are deceived. We have laws amongst our selves, or I would not have parted with her. However we are distinguish'd by titles and office, each man hath a right to his proportion of every prize we take; which all claiming on the sight of her, and refusing to compound with, or give place to any other, there ensued such jealousy, such fury and contention, that we were obliged, by common consent, to leave her untouch'd, and dispose of her, as soon as possible, to prevent the cutting of one anothers throats.

Bawd. Well, what's your price?

Vald. What do you mean ready rigg'd? She has excellent cloaths you see.

Bawd. If I deal for her, I take her altogether.

Vald. I won't bate one doit of a thousand pieces.

Bawd. What shall I give you for your conscience, *Valdes*?

Vald. Your honesty, Mother Coupler: We won't differ for a trifle.

Bawd. Five hundred pieces, Sir!

Vald. Four times told, Madam.

Bawd. Why, what the Devil, you said but a thousand e'en now.

Vald. I thought you cou'dn't hear but by halves, and was willing to come up to your understanding.

Bolt. You'll stand haggling till you lose her.

Vald. Look you, I am at a word. But for the reason I just now spoke of, you shou'd not have had her for twice the sum.

Bawd.

Bawd. Follow me, and you shall have your money. *Bolt*, take care of my purchase.

Bolt. Never fear, Mistress, never fear.

(*Exeunt Vald. Bawd and Pirates.*)

Mar. Immortal Gods! to what am I reserv'd?

Bolt. Come hither, child. You are but young, and may want some instructions. Tho' she who has bought you, your Mistress and mine, knows as much as a woman can know; yet there's nothing like a man to teach you the practical part of business, take my word for it.

Mar. What are you, Sir?

Bolt. A middle aged person, as you see; and in perfect health, that you may depend upon.

Mar. Is your mind sound?

Bolt. She's mighty simple. Ay, ay, as sound as my body.

Mar. The Gods preserve it so. Yet you talk strangely.

Bolt. I thank you heartily for your good wishes. Nay, I am the principal person in this family, after our Mistress: It may be well worth your while to make a friend of me.

Mar. I know not, but am sure I want a friend. I am of maids most wretched.

Bolt. I'll quickly ease you of the wretchedness of being a maid. Yet you must pass for one, and often.

Mar. I understand you not.

Bolt. Such things are common here. But of that, and other needful arts in our profession, my Mistress will inform you. (*lays hold of her.*)

Mar. Why do you rudely lay your hands upon me?

I am not to be touch'd.

Bolt. Not to be touch'd! Ha, ha, in troth a pretty jest, and will do rarely with some young gulls. To seem most fearful when you are most willing, and weep as you do now, will move the pity of your Inamoratos, and strain their purses to shower down gold upon you. Your striving will not save you: This is no place for squeamish modesty: We live by lewdness here, and you were bought to carry on the trade.

Mar. Hence, thou detested slave, thou shameless villain. *(Breaks from him.)*

Enter Bawd.

You powers that favour chastity, defend me.

Bawd. Why how now? what's the matter here? what have you been doing with her?

Bolt. Nothing, Mistress, and I am afraid there is nothing to be done with her. She fights like a she Tyger.

Bawd. Out, you rascal. Is this a morsel for your chaps?

Bolt. Why not? Do you think I'll serve up a delicate dish without tasting it?

Bawd. In your turn, sirrah, in your turn. Let your betters be serv'd before you.

Bolt. Ay, but a bit of the spit, you know—

Bawd. About your business, and let Gentlemen know how we are provided for their entertainment. *(Exit Bolt.)* Don't cry, pretty one: He shall be made to know his distance, and his time. While you

you behave discreetly, child, you shall be reserv'd for the better sort of men only. You are fallen into good hands, depend upon it.

Mar. O why was *Leonine* so slack, so slow !
Wou'd he had us'd his sword, and not his tongue !
Or that the Pirates, not enough Barbarians,
Had thrown me in the sea to seek my mother.

Bawd. Come, come, my rose-bud, my sprig of
Jeffamin, you are all beauty and sweetness— you
have no cause to grieve— Heaven has done its part
by you.

Mar. I accuse not Heaven.

Bawd. Here you may live, and shall.

Mar. The more's my grief
T' have scap'd his hands, who wou'd have given me
death.

Bawd. And live with pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. You shall not want variety : you shall
have men, and men of all complexions.

Mar. Are you a woman ?

Bawd. A woman ! pray, what do you take me
for, Madam ? I have been thought a woman, and
an handsome woman in my time.

Mar. Of this I'm sure, you are not what you
shou'd be :

A woman shou'd be honest.

Bawd. O the Devil !

Mar. And modest, and religious.

Bawd. You're a sapling to talk so to one of my
experience. Honest, modest, and religious, with
a pox to you ! I'll make you know, before I've done
with

with you, that I won't have any such thing mention'd in my house.

Mar. The gracious Gods defend me.

Bawd. What, do you offer to say your prayers in my hearing ! Is this a place to pray in ? Don't provoke me, don't. I find I shall have something to do with you. But you shall bend or break, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Enter Bolt.

Bolt. Mistress, here's the lean *French* Knight, he that cowers in the hams, and the fat *German* Count.

Bawd. In good time. Here, take this stubborn fool, and carry her to them.

Bolt. To which of them ?

Bawd. To him that will give most first, and to the other afterwards. She cost me a round sum, but don't refuse money. Her blushes must be quench'd with present practice : She's good for nothing as she is.

Mar. *Diana*, aid my purpose.

Bolt. Come your ways. What have we to do with *Diana* ?

Bawd. Ay, troop, follow your Leader. We'll teach you honesty, modesty, and religion with a vengeance.

Mar. If fires be hot, steel sharp, or waters deep,
Unstain'd I still my virgin fame will keep.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment adjoining to a Temple at the Court of Tharsus.

Enter Queen and Leonine.

LEONINE.

TO bury kneaded earth for dead *Marina*
Was a most quaint device. The cheated
Tharsians

Pierced Heaven with their howlings ; but suspicion,
As if Death closed her busy prying eyes
When the fair *Tyrian* died, still slumbers on.
The monument of *Parian* marble wrought,
And epitaph in characters of gold,
Were my contrivance too, and now are finish'd.
I have done all that your resentment ask'd,
And well secured your safety and your fame :
'Tis more than time you listen'd to my suit.

Q. Can nothing but my person and my crown
Reward your service?

Leon. I deserve them both.

Q. Were I sole mistress of the spacious world,
I'd give it all this murder were undone.
The very Wrens of *Tharsus* will betray it
To *Pericles*, who now comes to demand her.

Leon. That's only in my power : Give me your
promise

To be my bride, and seal my lips for ever.

Q. What! wed a murderer!

Leon. Who made me so?

Resolve in time ere ruin overtake you,
O'ertake us both. Your flatt'ries drew me in,

You

You taught me to be bloody and ambitious,
 And I will now partake your throne, or perish—
 But not alone. You know how popular
 The injur'd Prince of *Tyre* is here in *Tharsus*.
 This City, now the seat of wealth and plenty,
 Whose towers invade the clouds, which never stranger
 Beheld but wonder'd at, as all acknowledge,
 Had but for *Pericles* been desolate,
 Forfaken, or the grave of its inhabitants,
 A den for bats to build and wolves to howl in.
 How many thousands, living now, remember,
 When, famishing with hunger, Prince and people
 Sat down and wept for bread; when tender mothers
 Fed on their new born babes, and man and wife
 Drew lots who first shou'd die, and furnish food
 To lengthen out the life of the survivor.
 This our distress brought *Pericles* from *Tyre*;
 Who, bravely scorning to improve th' advantage,
 And make a conquest of a prostrate land,
 Did with a lib'ral hand supply our ~~own~~ wants,
 And turn our dying groans to songs of joy.
 For this the *Tharsians* love him as a Father,
 And as a God adore him.

Q. Be it so:

I'm still their Queen, and hold 'em in subjection.

Leon. Yes, while they please: As we have seen a Lyon
 Held with a thread, until some accident,
 Or his rash keeper's folly, rous'd his fury.
 They've some regard for the good line you came of,
 And yet are thereby hardly held from outrage:
 So hateful have the pride and other vices,
 Notorious in you, made you to the million.

But shou'd they hear, or have the least suspicion
 Of your foul dealing with the much lov'd daughter
 Of royal *Pericles*, like flames let loose,
 They'd in an instant make this lofty dome
 Your fun'ral pile, and give the winds your ashes :
 Or having torn you in ten thousand pieces,
 With honest scorn, cast out your loath'd remains
 For kites and crows to feed on.

Q. 'Tis too true :
 Shou'd this dark deed take light, my reign were ended.
 I see I must comply. She who has us'd
 A wicked agent in a shameful act,
 Must thenceforth be his slave. You have my word.
 Now your ambition's serv'd, teach me to answer
 The King of *Tyre* when he demands his child.

Leon. Say she dy'd suddenly, as what's more common ?

That you wept o'er her hearse, and mourn her yet ;
 Then show the monument and epitaph
 Procur'd at your expence ; and her griev'd Sire
 Shall curse the cruel fates that still pursue him
 With plague on plague, but ne'er suspect that you
 Have been their instrument.

Q. The deed's not mine. — (Trumpets.
Pericles comes, and I must seem content :
 The Traytor's in the toils, and cannot 'scape me.

Enter Pericles, Escanes, Guards and Attendants.

Q. Welcome, great *Pericles*, to mourning *Tharsus*.
 My royal parents and your faithful friends,
Gleon and *Dionysia*, are no more.

Per. Ent'ring the port I met the fatal news.
 The hot salt tears this unthought loss drew from me,

D

Are

Are yet wet on my cheeks. O two such friends! —
 But I'm a man born to adversity;
 No land e'er gave me rest, and winds and waters,
 In their vast tennis-court, have, as a ball,
 Used me to make them sport. — But to my purpose.
 'Tis more than twice seven years since I beheld thee
 With my *Marina*, both were infants then.
 Peace and security smil'd on your birth;
 Her's was the rudest welcome to this world
 That e'er was Prince's child: Born on the sea,
 Hence is she call'd *Marina*, in a tempest,
 When the high working billows kist the Moon,
 And the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe
 Seem'd as a whisper in the ear of Death:
 Born when her Mother dy'd. That fatal hour
 Must still live with me. — O you gracious Gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them streight away? The waves receiv'd
 My Queen. A sea mate's chest coffin'd her corpse;
 In which she silent lies 'midst groves of coral,
 Or in a glitt'ring bed of shining shells.
 The air fed lamps of Heaven, the spouting whale,
 And dashing waters, that roll o'er her head,
 Compose a monument to hide her bones,
 Spacious as Heaven, and lasting as the frame
 Of universal Nature.

Esc. Royal Sir,

This sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
 So long carest, shou'd now be cast aside.

Per. O never, never: Do not interrupt me.

In the days glorious walk, or peaceful night,

When grief shou'd seem to sleep, a welcome guest,

She

She fills my anxious thoughts and broken slumbers
 With the lov'd image of my lost *Thaisa*,
 And prompts me to rehearse the oft-told tale
 Of her disastrous end ; and chiefly now
 I come to seek the Phoenix that took life
 From her dead ashes— But I've almost done—
 We left my Princess in her wat'ry tomb,
 And, as the winds gave way, arriv'd at *Tharsus*,
 Here to your royal parents I committed
 (Whose love I had experienc'd and deserv'd)
 My only child, to give her education
 Suiting her rank, and in some sort supply
 Her pious mother's loss. And this the rather,
 For that the peace of *Tyre* was forely broken
 By foreign foes, and treasons bred at home :
 For I have drank the dregs of all misfortunes.
 I vow'd too then, though it shew'd wilful in me,
 That all unfister'd shou'd this heir of mine
 Remain till she were marry'd. Those commotions,
 That long embroil'd me, being now compos'd ;
 I'm come to pay my thanks, and claim my daughter.

Q. Unhappy Prince ! wou'd Heaven have heard
 my Pray'rs,

Thy sweet *Marina* now by my lov'd side
 Had blest'd thy longing eyes ; but wretched mortals
 In vain oppose the powers that rule above 'em :
 Shou'd we rage loud as did the winds and seas
 When she was born, things would be as they are.
 Unfold those doors, and let the care-worn King
 Behold the testimony of our love
 To our fair foster Sister, and our grief
 For her untimely fate.

The Scene draws, and discovers a Temple with the Monument.

Per. (Reading) " Here lieth interr'd
 " *Marina*, daughter to the Prince of *Tyre*.
 O thou who gav'st me reason and reflection,
 Eternal *Jove*, rebuke these swelling thoughts,
 That wou'd dispute your goodness or your being :
 Bind them in walls of brass : Let me remember
 I hold my powers from thee, that earthly man
 Is but a substance made for your high pleasure :
 Teach me, as fits my nature, to submit
 To your thrice kindled wrath.

Efc. Let those who think
 They cou'd endure his woes, speak comfort to him ;
 My soul is faint with terror to behold 'em.

Per. Fire, water, earth, and air in loud combustion
 Hareld my lost *Marina* to the light ;
 But dumb and speechless sorrow shall attend
 Her timeless passage to the realms of death.
 From this curst hour I'll never speak again,
 To mock with words unutterable grief ;
 But make my manners savage as my fortunes,
 And be as wretched as the Gods wou'd have me.
 Sable shall be the ship henceforth that bears me ;
 No steel shall touch my face, no water cleanse it,
 Nor comb be us'd to part my matted hair.
 If e'er I change my raiment, galling sackcloth,
 Instead of royal robes, shall gird my loins,
 And ashes be my crown. I'll ne'er return,
 Ne'er view thy spires again, renowned *Tyre* ;
 But wander through the world a wilful vagrant,
 And ne'er taste comfort more till death relieve me,

Or *Jove* restore to my unhoping eyes
 What his vindictive hand hath taken from me.
 What I have been I'll study to forget:
 Do you so too. Tell who I was to no man;
 What I am now, a wretch by heav'n devoted
 To all distress and by himself abandon'd,
 Shall evidence it self. Come, my *Escanes*.

Esc. O woful, woful hour! Where shall we go?

Per. I care not, let blind fortune be our guide:
 Shun *Tyre*, and ev'ry other place is equal.
 Fair Queen, adieu. Your kindness to my child
 The Gods return you double. Yet consider
 And view the frailty of your state in me.
 Once Princes fate, like stars, about my throne,
 And veil'd their crowns to my supremacy:
 Then, like the sun, all paid me reverence
 For what I was, and all the grateful lov'd me
 For what I did bestow; now not a glow-worm
 But in the chearless night displays more brightness,
 And is of greater use, than darken'd *Pericles*.
 Be not high minded, Queen, be not high minded:
 Time is omnipotent, the King of Kings,
 Their parent and their grave—Beware, beware—
 Let those who drink of sweet prosperity
 In flowing cups, mingle their draughts with pity;
 And think when they behold th' afflicted's tears,
 The misery of others may be theirs.

(*Exeunt Pericles, Escanes, &c.*)

Q. Unhappy Queen! detested *Leonine*!
 O had I tarry'd but a little longer,
Marina had been gone without my guilt:
 Or had you put me by this one bad thought,

In

In which perhaps I ne'er shou'd have relaps'd,
 I might have bless'd you as my better genius;
 But now must curse you as a cruel wretch
 Who seeing me unguarded, seiz'd that moment
 To blast my fame, and ruin me for ever.

Leon. Were this repentance true, 'tis now too late!
 But if, as I suspect, 'tis but assum'd
 (Your purpose being serv'd) to vail your falshood
 (Pretending conscience for your breach of faith)
 The cheat's too gross, and you may rest assur'd,
 I shall see through and scorn the thin disguise.

Q. Then here I cast it off. Shall I, who cou'd
 not bear
 The unmeant rivalship of sweet *Marina*,
 Resign my crown, and live a slave to thee?
 A wretch whom I detest, a venal villain,
 One whom I fix'd on as the worst of men,
 For the worst purpose.

Leon. Base, ungrateful Queen!
 Is this all the reward I'm to expect?

Q. Such a reward as such vile instruments
 As you deserve, a murderer's reward,
 Thou hast already.

Leon. Hah!

Q. Yes, thou art poison'd.
 The subtle potion working in thy veins
 Is a more certain remedy for talking,
 Than all my wealth, or the rich crown of *Tharsus*.
 Not that I fear, now *Pericles* is gone,
 The utmost of thy malice cou'dst thou live,
 As 'tis most sure thou canst not.

Leon.

Leon. Cursed Harpy !

The loathsome grave is better than thy bed,
And Death a lovelier paramour than thee.

O ! I am sick at heart.

Q. The venom works.

How wild he looks ? I will be kind, and leave him.

Leon. Assist my feeble arm, ye righteous Gods !
Though I've offended, do not fail me now.
This cause is yours—'tis well—my hand is arm'd—
Now guide my weapon's point to her false heart,
And we shall both have justice.

Q. Thoughtless wretch !

Where are my Guards ? I shall be murder'd here.

Leon. As sure as you contriv'd *Marina's* death,
As sure as you've betray'd and murder'd me.

(*stabs her.*)
I fall, but fall reveng'd. Now triumph fury.

Enter Guards and Ladies.

Q. You come too late : The slave has pierc'd my
heart.

Leon. To wound it deeper, know, *Marina* lives.
The death intended her by you and me,
By Heaven is justly turn'd upon our selves.
To will or act is one at that strict audit,

Where we must soon appear--O *Radamanthus*--(*dies.*)

Q. Tear out his tongue, let not the traitor speak.

Guard. It need not, Madam ; he has spoke his last.

Q. I shall not long survive him—Bear me hence—
Thou art the care of Heav'n, virtuous *Marina* ;

Its out-casts we. The Gods are just and strong ;
And none who scorn their laws, e'er prosper long.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A House in Ephesus.**Enter Bawd and Bolt.**Bawd.* Where are the Gentlemen?*Bolt.* Gone.*Bawd.* Gone!*Bolt.* Ay,-- gone away, and left her untouch'd. With her holy speeches, kneeling, prayers, and tears, she has converted 'em to chastity.*Bawd.* The Devil she has!*Bolt.* They vow never to enter a bawdy-house again, but turn religious, and frequent the Temples: They are gone to hear the Vestals sing already.*Bawd.* What will become of me? O the wicked jade, to study the ruin of a poor Gentlewoman! *(weeping)* I'd rather than twice the worth of her she had never come here.*Bolt.* She's enough to undo all the Panders and Bawds in *Ephesus*.*Bawd.* Pox of her green sickness.*Bolt.* Ay, if she wou'd but change one for the other, there were some hopes of her. But I have good intelligence that the Lord *Lyfimachus* will be here presently.*Bawd.* The Governor?*Bolt.* Ay, but he's a great persecutor of persons of our profession.*Bawd.* Pho, those are our best customers and surest friends in private. If the peevish baggage wou'd but hear reason now, we were made for ever. Fetch her. We'll try once more. *(Exit Bolt.)* She must be marble if she don't melt at the sight of
fo

so great, so rich, so young and handsome a man as the Lord *Lyfimachus*.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyf. Well, thou grave planter of iniquity,
Whose just returns are full grown crops of shame,
Are you supply'd with new and sound temptations?
Such as an healthy man may venture on,
And fear the loss of nothing—— but his soul.

Bawd. I'm proud to see your Lordship here, and glad your honour is so chearfully dispos'd. *Venus* forbid a Gentleman shou'd receive an injury in my house. No, Sir, we defy the Surgeons. And for temptation, I have such an one, if she would but ——

Lyf. Prythee, what?

Bawd. Your Honour knows what I mean well enough.

Lyf. Well, let me see her.

Bawd. Such flesh and blood, Sir!— For red and white— Well, you shall see a flower, and a flower she were indeed, had she but ——

Lyf. Why dost not speak? What is there wanting in her?

Bawd. O, Sir, I can be modest.

Lyf. When such as these pretend to modesty, They are then most impudent.

Enter Bolt, forcing in Marina.

Bawd. Now, Sir, what do you think of her? Wou'dn't she serve after a long voyage?—Ay, Sir—

Lyf. I'm lost in admiration—— Here's your fee:
Away, be gone and leave us. I came hither,
O who wou'd trust his heart, bent to detect
And punish these bad people; but when sin

E

Appears

Appears in such a form, the firmest virtue
Dissolves to air before it.

Bawd. I pray your Honour let me have a word
with her: I'll have done presently.

Lys. Do, I beseech you.

Bawd. First I wou'd have you take notice that
this is a man of Honour.

Mar. Grant, Heav'n, I find him so!

Bawd. And next, that he's a great man and Gover-
nor of this country; and lastly, one I'm bound to.

Mar. If he's greatly good
And governs well, you're bound to him indeed.

Bawd. Pray use him kindly, or——

Lys. Have you yet done?

Bawd. I'm afraid your Lordship must take some
pains with her, but there's nothing to be done with
these unexperienc'd things without it. Come, we'll
leave his Honour and her together. (*Exeunt Bawd
and Bolt.*)

Lys. Thou brightest star that ever left its sphere
(For sure you once shone in a higher region)
For low pollution and the depth of darkness,
How long hast thou pursu'd this devious course?

Mar. What course d'ye mean, my Lord?

Lys. I dare not name it:
For, loving, I am fearful to offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended at the truth.

Lys. How long have you been what you now pro-
fess?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Gods! what pity!
Were you a prostitute so very young?

Mar.

Mar. I ne'er was other—if I am so now.

Lys. You are proclaim'd a creature set to sale
By being here.

Mar. And do you know this house
A place of such resort, yet venture in it?
I've heard you are of honourable rank,
And govern here.

Lys. O, you have heard my pow'r,
And therefore stand aloof, but without cause;
For my authority shall here be blind,
Or look with kindness on thee. I've now learnt
What once seem'd strange, why rich men grasp at
pow'r,

And the poor murmur at restrictive laws.
Passion wou'd have the means to work its ends,
And the fierce tumult of intemp'rate blood
Rages the more the more it is resisted.
I must and will, in spight of vain remorse
And what I have been, feast each aking sense
On thy luxurious charms. Why dost thou shun me?
Blushing I speak it, thou shalt never find
Amongst the herd whose only joy is lewdness,
A more devoted slave. Is wanton pleasure
What you affect? My youth, yet unimpair'd
By riot or disease, shall meet your wishes.
Art thou ambitious? Power and pomp attend thee.
Or if the love of Gold, that cursed bait
That ruins half thy sex, possess thy heart;
I will descend to gratify a passion
I should detest in any but thy self.

Mar. Cou'd you do thus! O you immortal powers,
What is your influence on the heart of Man,

If ev'ry slight temptation wins him from you?
 Shall painted clay, shall white and red, less pure
 Than that which decks the lilly and the rose,
 Seduce you from the bright unfading joys
 Your goodness yields! For sure your speech imports,
 And I well hope, you have not yet renounc'd it.

Lyf. Thou art so fair, so exquisitely fair,
 And plead'st against thy self with so much art,
 That had I known thee sooner— What a thought!—
 But fully'd as thou art I must possess thee,
 Whate'er the purchase cost.

Mar. To think me, Sir,
 A creature so abandon'd yet pursue me,
 Is sure as mean and infamous, as wicked.
 What! waste your youth in arms that each lewd
 ruffian

Who pays the price, may fill; lavish your wealth,
 And yield your sacred honour to the hand
 Of an improvident and wastful Wanton,
 Who does not guard her own!

Lyf. True, I came hither,
 With thoughts like these— But lead me to some
 place

Private and dark— Alas, why dost thou weep?

Mar. Dare not come near me.

Lyf. By the raging flame
 Thy eyes have kindled here, I must enjoy thee.

Mar. Then view my last defence. (*draws a dagger.*)

Lyf. What dost thou mean!

Mar. To die if you pursue your hated purpose,
 Vain, rash, mistaken man,

Lyf.

Lys. O hold thy hand :

By *Jove* she doth amaze me. Rest assur'd
I will not offer violence again
Be who or what thou wilt— But let me seize
This threat'ning steel, that fill'd my soul with terror
While levell'd at thy breast.

Mar. O mighty Sir,
If you were born to honour show it now ;
If put upon you, make that judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. She's in earnest.
Here is some mystery I cannot fathom. (*aside.*

Mar. Have pity on a maid, a friendless maid,
By fortune forc'd to this detested sty ;
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick. Wou'd the gracious Gods
But set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the pure air, I shou'd be happy.

Lys. Conviction rises with each word she speaks.
She's all a miracle, as chaste as fair. (*aside.*
He must indeed have a corrupted mind,
Whom thy speech cou'd not alter. Here's gold for
thee :

Still persevere in the clear way thou goest,
And the Gods strengthen thee. As for my self,
The short liv'd error which thy beauty caus'd,
Thy goodness and thy wisdom have corrected.

Mar. Now you're a true and worthy Gentleman,
The gracious Gods preserve you.

Lys. Fare thee well.
If I shou'd take thee hence, licentious tongues

May

May wrong my fair intentions, and thy fame.
 Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not
 But that thy birth and training both were noble.
 A curse upon him, die he, like a thief,
 That shall again attempt to wrong thy honour.
 If thou hear'st from me, as thou may'st expect it,
 And quickly too, it shall be for thy good.

Enter Bolt.

Bolt. I beseech your Honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damn'd door keeper, pander,
 hence.

Your house but for this virgin that doth prop it,
 Wou'd sink, and overwhelm you. (*Exit Lyfimachus.*)

Bolt. I see we must take another course with you ;
 or your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-
 fast in the cheapest country in the universe, will un-
 do a whole family. Come your ways.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ?

Bolt. Worse and worse, Mistress. She has been
 talking religion to my Lord *Lyfimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable !

Bolt. She makes our profession stink, as it were,
 in the nostrils of all who come near her.

Bawd. Marry hang her.

Bolt. My Lord wou'd have us'd her as a Lord
 shou'd use a gentlewoman, for I over heard 'em ;
 but she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying
 his Prayers too.

Bawd. Take her away : use her at your pleasure.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods !

Bawd.

Bawd. She's at her pray'rs again. Away with her.
I wish she had never enter'd my doors. (*Exit Bawd.*)

Bolt. Come, mistress, you shall along with me.

Mar. O wither wou'd you have me?

Bolt. Into the next room, to take from you by force the jewel you are so unwilling to part with.

Mar. Pray tell me one thing first.

Bolt. Propose your Question.

Mar. What wou'd you wish to your worst enemies?

Bolt. Why I wou'd wish 'em as infamous as my mistress.

Mar. And yet that wretch is not so bad as thou art,
Since she's thy better as she doth command thee.

The place thou hold'st is such that *Cerberus*

Wou'd not exchange his reputation with thee,

The filthy groom, door-keeper to a brothel.

Then to the chol'rick fist of ev'ry villain

Thy ear is liable. Thy food is such

As hath been breath'd on by infectious lungs.

Bolt. What wou'd you have me do? Go to the wars! Where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and not have money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one.

Mar. Do any kind of thing but this thou do'st :
Empty receptacles of common filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman,
Or herd with swine, or beg from door to door :
The worst of these is far to be preferr'd
To what you practise. If no sense of shame,
No fear of laws, no rev'rence of the Gods
Come near thy heart ; let that which doth persuade
Millions to evil, bribe thee to be good :

Touch not my honour, help me to escape
This house of shame, and take the shining gold
The good Lord gave me.

Bolt. Nay, I don't see why a man mayn't as well
do a good deed as a bad one, especially when he's
paid for it. And to say the truth, I think you
wou'd freeze the blood of a Satyr, and make a Pu-
ritan of the Devil, if they were to cheapen a kiss of
thee. Come, give me the money.

Mar. No, first conduct me to some place of safety.

Bolt. But shall I have it then?

Mar. If I deceive you, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the vilest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Bolt. Well, I'll trust you. I'll see you plac'd—

Mar. But among honest women.

Bolt. Troth, I've but little acquaintance amongst
them. But there is one who is known to all *Ephesus*
by fame, the holy priestess of *Diana's* temple: She
will be proud of such a chaste companion, and has
besides the power to protect you.

Mar. O the good Gods direct me how to find her!

Bolt. But, hark, I hear my mistress. We must
be gone: This way we may avoid her.

Mar. *Jove's* virgin-best-loved daughter, bright
Diana,

Who shar'st with *Sol* the skies, chaste Queen of night,
Defend my virtue, and direct my flight.

(*Exeunt Marina and Bolt.*)

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. *Bolt, Bolt,* Where are you? Secure *Ma-*
rina. The Governor's officers are searching the
house

house for her : we shall have her forc'd away. Why
Bolt——O the Devil! the back door is open: The
 villain is run away with my slave, and all the mo-
 ney I paid for her will be lost.

Enter Officers.

i Off. She's no where to be found.

Bawd. No, no, she's gone. My man had stole
 her away: before you came, a pox confound him
 and you too: I am likely to be brought to a fine
 pass betwixt you.

Off. Then we must execute our other orders,
 which are to turn this Beldame out of doors, and then
 shut up the house.

Bawd. Turn me out of doors! how must I live?

Off. Do you take care of that. It is a favour,
 and a great one too, that you are not sent to prison.

Bawd. Such Governors are enough to make a
 woman do what she never thought of.

Off. Ay, do— work— that's what I dare be
 sworn you never thought of.

Bawd. No, nor ever will. A Gentlewoman, and
 work! I'll see you all hang'd first.

Off. Chuse, and be hang'd your self: You have
 long deserv'd it.

Bawd. Have I so, scoundrel? And yet you have
 been glad of a cast of my office before now. While
 such as you are trusted with authority, as sure as
 thieves are honest, strumpets chaste,

Or priests hate money; this same sinful nation

Is in a hopeful way of reformation.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the Second ACT.

F

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Street in Ephesus.**Enter Bawd.*

BAWD.

IF I could but recover *Marina*, and make her pliable, I shou'd do very well still: I cou'd make an handsome living of her in any ground in *Asia*.

Enter Bolt, singing.

Bolt. Hah, Mother *Coupler*! How is it with thee, old flesh-monger? thou quondam retailer of stale carrion, and propagator of diseases. What, quite broke! no private practice!—I know you hate to be idle—Though your house is shut up, you have some properties, I hope. Why, you'll make a good stroling bawd still. What never a new vamped up wench, just come out of an hospital, to accommodate a friend with?

Bawd. Villain, traitor, thief, runaway, how dare you look me in the face?

Bolt. I am too well acquainted with your face to be afraid of it—ugly as it is.

Bawd. You have the impudence of old Nick.

Bolt. Then I did not converse with you so long without learning something.

Bawd. You seduced my slave.

Bolt. That's a lye; for she seduced me.

Bawd. You deserve to be hang'd for robbing me of my property. What have you done with her?

Bolt.

Bolt. If I had done with her what you wou'd have had me, we shou'd both have been hang'd : So take the matter right, and you are oblig'd to me.

Bawd. Not at all : For though it happen'd as you say, you intended me no good.

Bolt. And pray whom did you ever intend any good to ?

Bawd. Where have you put *Marina* ?

Bolt. No where : She was taken from me before we had gone the length of the street by the Governor's servants.

Bawd. This is your praying Lord, plague rot him for a cheating hypocrite. And so after all my cost and pains about her to no manner of purpose, he has her for nothing.

Bolt. No, he has n't her neither.

Bawd. That's some comfort yet : Then perhaps I may have her again.

Bolt. When she turns strumpet, and you repent.

Bawd. Where is she ?

Bolt. Where the air is as disagreeable to a bawd, as the air of a bawdy-house is to her — in the Temple of *Diana*.

Bawd. I'm a ruin'd woman.

Bolt. You can never be long at a loss for a living : It is but removing your quarters, and beginning your trade again where you are n't known — if you can find such a place.

Bawd. You're a sneering rascal. But I hope you did not let *Marina* go off with the money the Governor gave her ?

Bolt. No, no, I took care to lighten her of that burthen.

Bawd. And where is it?

Bolt. Very safe, very safe.

Bawd. Why, you don't intend to cheat me of that too?

Bolt. I don't well understand what you mean by cheating, but am sure I shou'd deceive you most egregiously if I were to part with a single stiver. No, no, I shall take care of my self: I shall keep what I have got, depend upon it.

Bawd. But what a conscience must you have in the mean time!

Bolt. Don't you and I know one another, Mother Coupler? Measure my conscience exactly by your own, and you'll find its dimensions to the breadth of a hair.

Bawd. If I ben't reveng'd, may I die of the pip without the comfort of an hospital to hide my shame and misery from the world.

Bolt. Or the pleasure of deserving it.

(Exeunt different ways.)

SCENE II.

The Temple of Diana, with her statue and altar.

Near them Thaisa is discover'd, sleeping; two Priestesses attending, who come forward.

1 *Priest.* Sleeps the high Priestess yet?

2 *Priest.* If the suspension
Of sense without the benefit of rest
Be sleep, she sleeps: She's greatly discomposed.

1 *Priest*. Yet trouble in her irritates devotion,
Hence day and night, before her sacred shrine,
She seeks with ardour the celestial maid,
Or watching waits her will ; or if by chance
She slumbers, 'tis, as now, beneath her altar.

2 *Priest*. You must have known her long ?

1 *Priest*. E'er since that morning,
When from the troubled bosom of the deep
The billows cast her, breathless, on the beach,
That fronts this holy temple. I was present
When the good father of *Lyfimachus*
(And my kind uncle) by his art restor'd her
From her most death-like trance.

2 *Priest*. This, though long since
And a known truth, is still the theme of wonder.

1 *Priest*. I remember, when all suppos'd her dead,
This learned Lord did from the first affirm,
That death might for some hours usurp on nature,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'er prest spirits : And she liv'd to prove it.

2 *Priest*. 'Tis strange none e'er discover'd who
she is.

1 *Priest*. From the rich robe she'd on, and gems
found with her,
We judg'd her royal : All she wou'd disclose
Was that she lost a husband, and with him
All hopes and all desires of earthly joys.
And choosing to devote her future days
To chastity and grief, she here retir'd ;
And took with me, who then was just prepar'd
To be profest, the habit Argentine.
The sacred dignity she now sustains

Was

Was much against her will conferr'd upon her,
When sage *Euphrion* dy'd.

2 *Priest*. Did you not mark
How in an instant sorrow overwhelm'd her,
When news was brought from *Cyprus* of the death
Of the good King *Simonides*?

1 *Priest*. I did.
Her fortune's teeming with some great event.

2 *Priest*. The perfect likeness too there is between
Her self and sweet *Marina*, much amaz'd her.

1 *Priest*. And must do all that see them. But
allow
The difference time must make, and they're the
same:

Just what *Marina* is, *Thaïsa* was
When I beheld her first.

Tha. O *Pericles*!

1 *Priest*. Did she not speak? Attend.

Tha. Art thou restor'd
To the long widow'd arms of thy *Thaïsa*!—
Ha!— (*rises and comes forward.*)

1 *Priest*. Madam, How fare you?

Tha. 'Twas but a dream,
A flattering dream. And what is life it self,
Being justly weigh'd, but a meer fleeting shadow?
Most like these visions now so frequent with me—
I am troubled, and trouble you, my friends.

2 *Priest*. Cou'd our best service help you, we
were happy.

1 *Priest*. I fain wou'd hope your present pertur-
bation

May prove the prelude to your lasting peace.

Tha.

Tba. The lasting'st peace is death: And that,
perhaps,

Is what my dreams portend.

1 Priest. The Gods forbid.

Tba. The Gods do all their will: I've long been
learning

A perfect resignation to their pleasure.

My dream was this. Attending on the altar,

The Goddesses seem'd to animate her statue;

And, as I view'd the prodigy with terror,

Took from my brow the Crescent and Tiara,

The symbols of my office, and then struck

The smoking Censer from my trembling hand.

1 Priest. 'Twas wond'rous strange.

Tba. And with a radiant smile

Consign'd me to the arms of my lov'd Lord,

Who stood confest and living to receive me.

With the surprize I wak'd.

1 Priest. A fair presage.

Our Goddesses visits you as a reward

For your true piety: This dream's from her.

Tba. We doubtless think our selves of more im-
portance

Than the wise Gods allow us.

2 Priest. Sacred Madam,

The Lord *Lyfimachus*—— (*Enter Lyfimachus.*

Tba. He's ever welcome.

Lyf. Hail, holy Priestess, whose celestial mind

Adds whiteness to the silver robe you wear,

Have you yet learnt ought of the birth and fortunes

Of that sweet virgin I commended to you?

Tba.

Tba. No, my good Lord, When e'er I question her
Who and from whence she is, she answers not;
But sits her down and weeps.

Lys. I wish I knew.

Tba. Time may reveal it. She's a miracle:
My eyes ne'er saw her peer.

Lys. O gracious Lady,
She's such an one that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Most honour'd Sir,
There is a ship arriv'd of strange appearance,
The hull, sails, streamers, tackle, all are black;
From whence is in a chaloupe come on shoar
A person of a great but mournful mein,
Whose chief attendant asks to be admitted
To see our Governor. What is your will?

Lys. That he have his: I pray you greet him
fairly.

*Enter Escanes; and others after him, bearing
Pericles.*

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir: The gracious Gods pre-
serve you.

Esc. And you, t'out-live the age that I am now,
And die as I wou'd wish.

Lys. You greet me well.

Esc. Our vessel is of *Tyre*, our business here,
T' implore *Diana's* aid for one distress'd;
And such an one as in his happier days
Never forgot his duty to the Gods,
Nor let th' afflicted sue to him in vain.

Lys.

Lys. And may she prove propitious.

Esc. Sir, we thank you.

And further wou'd intreat that for our gold,
Your people may supply us with provisions,
Whereof we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. 'Tis a courtesy
Which if we shou'd deny, the most just Gods
For ev'ry graft wou'd send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. But inform me,
Who is that melancholy Gentleman.

Esc. He is of note (I may reveal no more)
And was a goodly person, ere disasters,
Too great for human suff'rance, sunk him thus.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperance?

Esc. It would be now too tedious to repeat;
But his main grief springs from the timeless loss
Of a beloved wife, and only child.

Lys. Good Sir, all hail: The Gods preserve you,
hail.

Esc. 'Tis all in vain, my Lord; he will not speak
To any one, nor takes he sustenance
But to prolong his grief.

Lys. Yet I durst wager,
We have a maid in *Ephesus* wou'd win
Some words from him.

Tha. 'Tis well bethought, my Lord.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, wou'd allure him,
And melt his fix'd resolves: She is most happy
In form and utt'rance.

Lys. Say, we wish to see her. (*Exit Gentleman.*

Efc. Sure all's effectless : Yet we'll omit nothing
That bears recov'ry's name.

Enter Marina.

Lys. This is the virgin.
Thrice welcome, fair one.

Efc. She's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Lovely physician of distemper'd minds,
We did send for thee to exert thy skill,
And matchless goodness on a noble patient ;
View this majestick ruin, and then judge
By what remains how excellent a pile
Grief hath defac'd : Absent to all things else,
And self resign'd to silence and despair,
See, he appears his own sad monument.
Now, if thy heav'nly art, so prosperous
In all attempts, can win him to attention,
And draw him but to answer thee in aught ;
Thy sacred physick shall receive such thanks
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. You over rate me.
But I will use my uttermost endeavours
For his recovery.

Tha. Succeed them, Heaven !
What strange unlikelihood assaults my mind !
My wild, ungovern'd fancy wou'd perswade
My memory to find some traces there,
In that marr'd face, yet unobliterated,
Of my long dead, long drowned *Pericles.* (*aside.*

Lys. Mark, she will try the force of musick
first.

SONG.

SONG.

*Mar. Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boast;
While we whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Seek joy in Virtue that we honour most.*

*Great Princes Favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marygold at the Sun's eye;
While ruin in their pride but hides its head:
For at a frown their flatt'ring glories die.*

*The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of Honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.*

*Then let us bear the malice of our stars,
And make our noble sufferance our boast;
Tho' fortune ev'ry other triumph bars,
Seek joy in Virtue that we honour most.*

Tha. Mark'd he your musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd upon me.

Lys. She'll speak to him.

*Mar. Sir, lend me your attention,
And behold me. Indeed I am a Maid
Who ne'er before invited ears or eyes;
But have been sought too like an oracle,
And gaz'd on like a comet. Sir, she speaks,
Who, may be, hath endur'd calamities
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd—
Alas he heeds me not. I wou'd give o'er,
But something whispers in my ear, Go on.*

*Per. What Syren have they found to force atten-
tion?*

I'll steal a look, but not a word shall scape
From forth my lips. — (*rises.*) O you immortal
Gods!

Mar. Why do you gaze so eagerly upon me?
Why spreads that burning crimson o'er your face
But now so pale? If you did know me, Sir,
You wou'd not do me harm.

Per. I do believe thee.
Nay, turn thy eyes upon me — O how like! —
Such things I've heard — Inform me what thou art.

Mar. I am what I appear, a simple Maid.

Per. My long pent sorrow rages for a vent,
And will o'erflow in tears. Such was my wife,
And such an one my daughter might have been.
My Queen's square brows, her stature to an inch,
As wand-like strait, as silver-voic'd, her eyes
As jewels like, in pace another *Juno*:
And then, like her, she starves the ears she feeds,
And makes them crave the more, the more she
speaks.

Where were you born? and how did you atchieve
Endowments, that you make more rich by owning?

Mar. If I shou'd tell my story it wou'd seem
Like lyes, disdaining the disguise of truth,
And found in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak.
Thou seem'st a palace for crown'd truth to dwell in:
No falshood can come from thee. Sweet, begin,
And I will make my senses to give credit
To points that seem impossible. I think,
Thou said'st thou had'st been tofs'd from wrong to
wrong,

And

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said,
And said no more than what I thought was likely.

Per. Rehearse what thou hast born: If that con-
sider'd

Prove but the thousandth part of my endurance,
I will forego my sex, thou art a man,
And I have suffer'd like a girl. Yet thou
Dost look like patience, gazing on Kings graves,
And wooing with her smiles resolv'd extremity,
To spare himself, and wait a better day.
My most kind virgin, come and sit down by me.
Recount, I do beseech thee, what's thy name.

Mar. My name, Sir, is *Marina*.

Per. (*Rising*) O! I'm mock'd,
And thou by some incens'd God sent hither,
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Nay, have patience,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. I will, I will have patience.

Mar. That name was giv'n me by a King and
Father.

Per. How! a King's daughter too! and call'd
Marina!

Mar. Did you not say you wou'd believe me, Sir?
But not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? are you no spirit?—
Substance and motion— Well, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar.

Mar. I was born
At sea, and from that circumstance so named.

Per. Hold, hold awhile. This is the rarest dream,
That e'er dull sleep did mock sad fool withal.
How shou'd this be my child? — Buried and here,
Living and dead at once — It cannot be.

Mar. 'Twere best I did give o'er.

Per. Yet give me leave.
Where were you bred? How came you to these parts?

Mar. The King, my father, did in *Tharsus*
leave me,
Till *Philoten*, the Queen, sought to destroy me;
And having won a villain to attempt it,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me,
Who brought me here.

Per. You Gods! if I'm deceiv'd
Ne'er let me wake again — *Marina!* — O!
(takes her hand.)

Mar. Why do you wring my wrist? Where
wou'd you draw me?

Why do you weep, good Sir? what moves you thus?
In sooth, I'm no imposture, but the daughter
Of good King *Pericles*.

Per. I'll praise the Gods,
Their power, and goodness, ever while I breath.
I've been a sinful man; but from this hour,
In darkness and distress I'll wait their mercy,
And ne'er distrust them more.

Tha. You mighty Gods!
Whose boundless goodness still delights to triumph
O'er our demerits and confirm'd despair,
And evidence the wisdom of your counsels,

By

By shewing man the folly of his own ;
 What are you doing now to raise our wonder !
 That voice and person grow familiar to me.
 Doth my Lord live ! hath *Pericles* a daughter !
 It cannot, cannot be. Then who are these ?
 I'm deeply int'rested, yet know not how.
 Some God, instruct me what to hope or fear,
 To ask or deprecate. Stupid amazement
 Obstructs my powers—When will these clouds dis-
 perse,

And day break in on my benighted mind ?

Per. But one thing more : Tell me, who was thy
 mother ?

Mar. She was the daughter of the King of *Cyprus*.

Tba. O let me hear the rest.

Mar. Her name *Tbaisa* :

Who, as *Lychorida* oft told me weeping,

Did end the very moment I began.

Per. You Gods ! you Gods ! your present kind-
 nefs makes

All my past mis'ries sport—

I'm *Pericles* of *Tyre*.

Mar. My royal Father !— (*kneels ; he raises her.*

Tba. You gracious Gods ! if now you take me
 hence,

I shall not taste the joys of your *Elizium*. (*faints.*

Lys. What ! ho ! help here : The holy Priestess dies.

Mar. The heav'nly pow'rs forbid.

Lys. She did observe

The progress of this strange discovery,

With strong emotions and unusual transports.

Per. I pray who is this Lady ?

Lys. A miracle of goodness, sent by Heav'n
To make this land most happy. In her bloom,
After a tempest, in the which 'twas thought
All her companions perish'd, she was cast
Here on our coast.

Per. Near it I lost the mother
Of my *Marina*.

Tba. Hark, what musick's that ?

Per. These very hands did cast into those seas
The treasure of my soul.

Tba. I know it now :
It is the harmony the spheres do make —
Nay do not weep — I am but overjoy'd —
I shall recover strait.

Per. Pray, how long since
Was this strange chance you speak of ?

Lys. 'Tis, I've heard,
About as many years as your fair daughter
Seems to be old.

Per. I do begin to doat ;
And yet the Gods are mighty as they're good.
How was she found ?

Lys. Close in a sailor's coffer.
She seem'd a breathless corpse ; but my good father,
(Now with the Gods) by his superior skill
Did find it was not so, and by his art,
Which equall'd his humanity, restor'd her
To health and vigour.

Tba. Where, O where's my Lord ?

Per. *Tbaifa's* voice !

Tba. Yet let me look again :
If he be none of mine, my sanctity

shall

Shall guard me still from his licentious touch—

I'll none but *Pericles*.

Per. Her face, her stature,
That beauty that nor time nor grief cou'd change—
It is, it can be, none but my *Thaisa*.

Tha. But dare we trust?—

Per. By *Jove*, I'd not be kept
A moment longer absent from thy bosom,
Tho' I were sure as I did press thy lips,
My high wrought spirits wou'd dissolve to air,
And leave me cold and lifeless in thy arms.

Tha. You sons and daughters of adversity,
Preserve your innocence, and each light grief,
(So bounteous are the Gods to those who serve them)
Shall be rewarded with ten thousand joys.

Mar. My heart bounds in me, and wou'd fain be
gone
Into my mother's bosom.

Per. See who kneels there, thy Child and mine,
Thaisa,
Bought almost with thy life.

Tha. And cheaply purchased.
Blest and my own! Thou mak'st my joy compleat.

Esc. Hail, royal master.

Lys. Happy monarch, hail.

Per. O good *Escanes*, strike me, noble Sir,
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Left this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'er bear the mounds of frail mortality,
And sweetness be my bane. O come, come both:
Thou whom the boundless ocean gave me back,
O let me bury thee a second time,

And hide thee in my heart ; and thou who gavest
 Him life who did beget thee, come thou too :
 There's endless space, and as repleat with love
 As the great deep with waters. Wou'd our voices
 Rise with our thoughts, we'd thank the holy Gods
 As loud as their high thunder threaten'd us,
 When thou wast born, and thou did'st seem to die.
 This tribute paid not to our will but power,
 I do resolve for *Tharsus* ; there to strike
 Th' inhospitable Queen.

Lys. I have advice,
 My Lord, that she is slain by *Leonine*,
 One who was poison'd by her.

Mar. That's the wretch
 She hir'd to murder me.

Lys. 'Tis added too,
 She dy'd in evil fame and unlamented.
 Then, mighty Sir, repose your self awhile
 After your weary griefs, and make our court
 Proud with your presence.

Per. You're a noble host,
 And sue to purchase trouble with expence ;
 Injoy thy wish.

Lys. Herein I'm highly honour'd,
 But, royal Sir, I've yet a bolder suit.

Per. Your princely Sire preserv'd *Thaisa's* life,
 And you are master of as gracious parts
 In mind and form, as any I e'er noted ;
 You shall prevail, be it to woo my daughter.

Lys. Thanks, royal Sir. If she accept my vows,
 I am the very happiest of mankind.

Tha. And she, sweet maid, most happily bestow'd.

O my dear Lord, he has been noble to her ;
 But that and all we've proved since our sad parting,
 We will rehearse at leisure. I have had
 From sure intelligence the heavy news
 Of my good Father's death, and that our subjects
 In peace and loyalty do wait our coming.

Per. Heav'n make a star of him. Yet here, my
 Queen,
 We'll celebrate their nuptials ; and our selves
 Will in fair *Cyprus* spend our future days,
 And to our children leave the crown of *Tyre*.

To cast new light on truth, in us is seen,
 Tho' long assail'd with fortunes fierce and keen,
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with joy at last.

The E N D.

E P I L O G U E.

*W*HEN to a future race the present days
 Shall be the theme of censure or of praise,
 When they shall blame what's wrong, what's right allow,
 Just as you treat your own fore-fathers now,
 I'm thinking what a figure you will make,
 No light concern, Sirs, where your fame's at stake.
 I hope we need not urge your country's cause,
 You'll guard her glory, and assert her laws,
 Nor force your ruin'd race, mad with their pains,
 To curse you as the authors of their chains.
 We dare not think, we would not fear, you will ;
 For Britons though provok'd, are Britons still,
 Yet let not this kind caution give offence ;
 The surest friend to liberty is sense.

How

*How that declines the drooping arts declare;
 Are your diversions what your fathers were?
 At masquerades, your wisdom to display,
 You make the stupid farce for which you pay.
 Musick it self may be too dearly bought,
 Nor was it sure design'd to banish thought.
 But, Sirs, what e'er's your fate in future story,
 Well have the British Fair secured their glory.
 When worse than barbarism had sunk your taste,
 When nothing pleas'd but what laid virtue waste,
 A sacred band, determin'd, wise, and good,
 They jointly rose to stop th' exotic flood,
 And strove to wake, by Shakespear's nervous lays,
 The manly genius of Eliza's days.*

*Be it an omen of returning sense,
 Others adopt our softness and expence:
 Well pleas'd such harmless insults we may bear,
 Those follies lost we've numbers yet to spare;
 Unquestion'd let 'em rob us of our shame——
 We need but ask our treasure and our fame.*

4 AP 54

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